

THE CLARION.

RAYMOND BREAUX, Editor and Business Manager.
OPELOUSAS, LA. LOUISIANA.

THE HILLS OF HOPE.

Between the lines of shadow, some rays of sunshine rest,
In valley, plain or meadow, or on the mountain's crest;
And so in life some pleasure, though sorrow clouds the way,
Lies in with love's heart-treasure and brings the blooms of May.
Soul questions soul in meeting: "Quo Vadis?" but mute lips
Give back no hopeful greeting, as of life it slips;
Though as we journey onward, our feet in darkness grope,
We'll lift our faces onward toward the Hills of Hope.
From out earth's dusky bosom, the whitest lilies bloom,
And sweet-faced pansies blossom above the grass-crowned tomb;
So years that seem so lonely and lives that go amiss
May be but waiting only God's hour to crown with bliss.
—W. E. Faber, in National Magazine.

THE MARQUESE RING.

"About the meanest thing I ever did," said Bass McPheeters, who had served as a volunteer through the Cuban campaign, "was to steal brandy off the dead dago. Every man Jack of them had a flask. I guessed it was the worst brandy ever distilled, but it tasted mighty good to me, and, as I say, I stole it and drank it and felt like a ghoulish all the time."
"Ah, you're very thin-skinned," growled Heathcote, a Harvard man who had come to be a Texas Ranger because he was plucked at West Point; "if you want to feel real downright 30 cents you ought to try peacemaking between a woman and a wife-beating husband. I did. You remember it, don't you, Harris? The time I came from Langtry in an ambulance? I made peace between them, all right, but what they did to me between them was a plenty. Robbing dead dagoes is a Sabbath pastime compared to peacemaking, and twice as remunerative."

"Neither one of you knows what he's talking about," drawled Lieut. Collins, who was doing his second year on the frontier with his regiment, and held the record as the only officer in it who was not pulling wires for detached service. "One of you is a thief and the other a fool, but I can tell you an experience that made me look like a thief and feel like a fool for a long time."

He got a fresh bottle out of the cupboard, sent the Chinaman for another siphon, and said:

"You remember, Heathcote, while I was at the academy I was forever running back to Cincinnati to spend a day, a week or a month, or whatever time I could get on sick leave, bogus telegrams or other subterfuges. Well, they were all bogus, but I had a reason, or thought I had, for going there so often. Woman? Yes, of course, it was a woman. That is, she was the making of a fine and beautiful woman. She was a mere girl then, just come 18, and as gentle and generous a soul as ever lived. I might as well admit that I had my heart set and my hopes built on her and—lost. I didn't find out that part, the loss part, though, till my last visit to Cincinnati, and as that's what I started out to tell about I'll just begin there."

"Well, I don't think Edith—that was her name—I don't think she ever knew how I felt toward her; you see, I was never forehanded with women, or she wouldn't have invited me to that theater party. I don't know exactly how her mother sprung it, but, anyhow, we hadn't been in Edith's house five minutes before everybody knew that she was engaged to Herbert Humphreys, a spruce little dandy with light-colored eyes and clothes that would have made Freddie Gebhard look like a costermonger. I didn't like him first, last nor any time, but of course I was a prejudiced party."

"Well, I was assigned, that's what you call it, I guess; I was assigned to Fannie Ziegler—you know the Zieglers, Heathcote? Brewers, you know, and we went off to the theater in a lot of carriages, the girls all talking about the coming wedding and what lovely things would be pulled off, and what a lovely ring that was Edith had, and you can just guess how I enjoyed that theater party. I don't remember that the play was or who was in my carriage besides Fannie or anything about it except that one of the party was a girl cousin of Edith's who had come from New Orleans to be leading lady, or bridesmaid, or whatever it is at the wedding."

"Well, sir, she was a stunner? I think if I hadn't been so faded on Edith I'd have gone after that cousin. Her name was Corinne Forgeron, a blond creole with purple eyes and a farm! Oh, say! I've seen her only once since then, but it was too late, I'm always too late on the wooing business, but wait. That comes in the story, too. We were at the theater, weren't we? Well, I noticed this squirt Humphreys, Edith's fiance, seemed to make better headway with the creole goddess than any of us. I was dying to 'whelm my woe'—that's in a poem—I was dead anxious to get next to her, but so help me, that infernal puppy had a way with him that distanced us all and I began to wonder what Edith thought of the

sudden flirtation that made all us men so weary. Maybe the girls didn't notice it, or maybe they didn't let on, for they all saw that Corinne was a winner from Winnerville.

"The last thing I remember at the theater was Humphreys showing Corinne the beautiful ring that he had given to Edith as a gerndon of their troth. It was a peach and no mistake. I think they called it a marquise, at any rate its setting was an oblong opal, rimmed with diamonds, but the peculiarity of it, and I think its chief beauty, was the green glory of the two emeralds set at the far ends of the oblong. Corinne looked at it and then at Humphreys in that awful way these women with velvet eyes have and said: 'I'd say yes myself to a ring like that.' Then she laughed in that limp, coddling way a certain class of women have and Humphreys—he was a forward imp—slipped the ring on her plump, white finger to see how it looked. Edith's mother was with us, chaperoning the party, but nobody except me seemed to have any evil thoughts, and I even suspected myself."

"We got back to the house without anything more thrilling than small talk, and after a nice little supper, at which, I thought, Humphreys and the creole kept up a pretty steady exchange of rather tropical compliments, we all went into the music-room for a song. I think there were eight besides Edith's mother in the party, all nice young people of the very best families in Cincinnati, and all old friends except Humphreys and the New Orleans cousin. She fitted in all right, at least with the men, but Humphreys—I just couldn't help figuring him out as an interloper, a misfit, a what you might call 'cheap skate.'"

"Now for the ugly part of it. Somebody asked Edith to sing a ballad, and of course we all insisted. She sat down to the piano, fingered the keys a moment, took off the beautiful marquise ring, laid it on the top of the instrument, and began to play and sing. I think she played four or five things before we would let her stop. She was an exquisite pianiste and one of those amiable girls who loved to give pleasure without being coaxed. She didn't require any notes, and as she played we wandered about the big room or sat still to enjoy the effect. I noticed that some of the girls couldn't resist picking up the ring. They were all envious of it, and if I'm not mistaken Humphreys stood for quite awhile near the piano. At any rate, it was during the music that I got my only chance to whisper to Corinne Forgeron. That's what makes me think Humphreys must have been by the piano."

"When Edith got through playing and looked for her ring it was gone! She laughed at first and called on us to 'quit joking,' but when we had lighted all the lights and crawled all over the floor and lifted everything movable, poor Edith began to pout, and, well, you can imagine how we felt. No servant had entered the room. The top of the piano was closed, it was an upright one, and we moved the instrument four times in the vain search. The men looked sheepishly at one another. The girls looked mystified and scared. Only Humphreys kept up his front. Nobody wanted to go first and everybody knew it was time to go. I, for one, was convinced that there was a thief in the company, and naturally I suspected it was Edith's fiance, whom I hated cordially. Finally, in a burst of long suppressed anger, I suggested that the men should retire to the parlor and search one another. That made the girls angry and Edith began to cry. At last we all retired, feeling like a lot of whipped curs, all but Humphreys. He had the impudence to keep reassuring us, said that no doubt the ring would 'turn up,' and so forth, till I felt like choking him. Then he said something to poor Edith about her 'carelessness,' and, upon my word, if Fannie Ziegler wasn't hanging to my arm I'd have smashed him one then and there."

"But we all went home then, and, to tell the truth, I thought perhaps Humphreys was sufficiently punished when I heard about a week later that he and Edith had quarreled and that the match was broken off. Oh, yes, I tried tentatively to see her, but she never saw anyone after that. Corinne Forgeron went home to New Orleans and I went back to West Point. Poor Edith's wedding never came off, but I'm sure she is happier than if she had married Humphreys. Anyway, she wasted away and I—but that's another story."

"I hadn't been down here at Fort Bliss two months when I got an invitation to the wedding of Corinne Forgeron to Herbert Humphreys! I couldn't go to it and wouldn't if I could, but I was summoned just then to Washington, and, just for meanness—for I hated them both—I dropped off at New Orleans and called at the Forgeron mansion to see the tawny creole. I didn't stay five minutes."

"She put out her big, white hand toward mine, but before I touched it—I was in a poem—'I was dead anxious to get next to her, but so help me, that infernal puppy had a way with him that distanced us all and I began to wonder what Edith thought of the

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THE JURA-SIMPLON TUNNEL.

When Completed Will Be the Greatest in the World.

Like certain armies of the past, there are some railroad trains which must get into Italy. The trains of the Jura-Simplon system, for example, leave Lake Geneva behind and go rolling up the valley of the Rhone, until at Brieg, an Alpine village of Caesarian legends, the mountains hem in the path altogether. Only 12½ miles away lies Italy; but these are miles of mountain. And yet exactly here, writes Eugene P. Lyle, Jr., in Everybody's Magazine, is an important point in commercial strategy for the mutual invasion of northern Europe and the Latin peninsula.

For 50 years men have looked at that 12½ miles of mountain, crossed by the wild and terrible Simplon pass, and figured how to do away with it. There were scores of plans, but finally the most costly and most daring, and yet the simplest, was chosen, namely, to go right through. In 1891 the plan was submitted to the Swiss government. In 1895 the Swiss and Italian governments ratified a treaty for having the tunnel between them. At once the Jura-Simplon let out the contract for building the tunnel, which must be delivered 5½ years from November 13, 1898, when the work was begun. The penalty for delay will be \$1,000 a day, with a bonus of as much for each day ahead of time. The tunnel is to be 12½ miles long, with a smaller tunnel for ventilation, parallel to the first at a distance of 18½ yards. Under a future contract the second tunnel will be made the same size as the first, for a return track.

Three thousand men on each side of the mountain are opening this path between Switzerland and Italy. Drills 1½ yards long and as thick as a man's forearm eat into the solid rock at the rate of 1½ yards in 15 minutes. Nine holes are bored at a time, and each is charged with more than six pounds of dynamite. The dynamite splinters the rock out cleanly to the depth of the holes, and the debris—500 tons of it every 24 hours—is hauled away and dumped by an electric crane beyond the mouth of the tunnel.

The workmen advance at the rate of about 23 feet a day. The last official report, April 1, showed a progress of nearly three miles from the Swiss side and more than two miles from the Italian side, over five miles in all. This means that the contractors are well up with their schedule. Within three years a train will leave Brieg, Switzerland, be lost for 20 minutes, and come out at Iselle, Italy.

To make that little journey possible will have cost \$14,000,000, but the difference between the tunnel and the Simplon pass over the mountains will be the difference between 20 minutes and nine hours.

A NEW EXPLOSIVE.

Maximite is Half Again as Powerful as Ordinary Dynamite.

Maximite, the new high explosive which has been adopted by the United States government, is about 50 per cent. more powerful than ordinary dynamite. It is considerably more powerful than pure nitroglycerin, and is only equalled in violence among high commercial explosives by nitrocellulose and pure picric acid; and yet Maximite is so insensitive that it cannot be exploded by flame or by piercing it with a white hot iron.

Even molten iron has been poured upon a mass of it without causing an explosion. When heated in an open vessel its temperature cannot be raised to the explosion point, for it will first melt, and then evaporate like water, until it is all gone. In order to explode it, it must be confined very strongly, the same as when employed as a bursting charge for projectiles, and then to set off it requires a very powerful detonator. This quality of great insensitiveness, coupled with its very high explosive power, better adapts Maximite for use in armor-piercing projectiles than any other explosive.—New England Magazine.

OFF LIKE THE SHOT.

The Accused Must Have Been Swift of Foot.

It was a case of attempted murder, and the accused was slated to have fired two shots at his victim in rapid succession.

Counsel (examining witness)—You say you heard the shots fired? Witness—Yes, sir.

"How near were you to the scene of affray?" "At the time when the first shot was fired I was about ten feet from the shooter."

"Ten feet! Then tell the court how far you were when you heard the second shot fired?" "I didn't measure the distance."

"Speaking approximately, how far should you say?" "Well, I should think it was about half a mile!"—London Answers.

German Immigrants.

Germany sent only 505,152 immigrants to the United States in the years 1890-1900, whereas in the preceding decade the number was 1,452,870.

ENTERPRISE.

Bill Poster Placed "Ad" Where It Would Be Read.

When a horse falls in the street the pedestrians stand along the edge of the sidewalk to watch the frantic efforts of those who are attempting to put the horse on his feet again. Out of 50 men in the street there may be three who understand horses and know what to do.

There is usually some self-possessed man who runs up, and, standing at arms' length, begins to unsnap, unbuckle and unhitch until the frightened animal is free to scramble to his feet. He comes up snorting and trembling. Then the nervous driver looks at the horse's legs to see if they have been bruised in the fall, and, if they haven't, he usually jerks the horse by the bit so that he will know better than to fall down the next time.

A horse fell on First avenue the other day, relates the Milwaukee Sentinel, and the little crowd which assembled on the sidewalk expected to see an ordinary everyday accident repeated, but when the beast was urged to stand up he rolled over, straightened his legs, showed the white of his eyes and gave a groan. Two minutes afterwards he was dead. The carcass was pulled to one side of the street and lay there all day. Nearly everyone who passed by paused a moment to look at it. Even a dead horse arouses a sort of morbid curiosity.

About two hours after the sudden death of a man in a suit of "jumpers" and carrying a paste bucket and brush and a bag stuffed with "bills" came along. He stopped when he saw the horse, and, after looking both ways, he proceeded to dab the carcass with paste and spread a fiery theatrical poster where it could be seen by all who passed.

He knew that he had put his bill where it would be read, and he went away whistling, moved by no other feeling than one of professional pride.

THE MAGIC NUMBER.

Various Theories as to What It Is—Take Your Choice.

"I often hear of the magic number," said some one. "What number is it?"

"Why, nine, of course," replied some one else. "There are nine Muses, you know, and you talk of a nine days' wonder. Then you bow at nine pins, and a cat has nine lives."

"Nonsense!" broke in another. "Seven is the magic number. Seventh heaven, don't you know, and all that. Seven colors in the rainbow; seven days in the week; seventh son of a seventh son—great fellow; and—"

"Tush, tush!" remarked a third. "Five's the number you mean. A man has five fingers on his hand and five toes on his foot, and he has five senses; and—"

"Three is undoubtedly the magic number," interrupted another, "because people give three cheers, and Jonah was inside a whale three days and three nights, and if at first you don't succeed, try, try again—three times, you see!"

This was received with some contempt by the company, and a soulful youth gushed out:

"Two, oh, two is the magic number! One's self and one other! The adored one! Just us two!"

A hard-featured individual, who had been listening to the conversation hitherto unmoved, here remarked, in a harsh voice:

"The magic number is Number One in this world, and if you want to succeed, never forget it."

An interval of deep thought on the part of all followed, after which they went in silently to supper.—London Tit-Bits.

ABBREVIATIONS.

Good Illustration of a Telegrapher's Hit in This Direction.

Abbreviations make up one of the most important elements in the career of the telegraph operator. Abbreviated dispatches are often sent in five minutes that would require half an hour's work if transmitted in full. But there is, according to the Washington Star, an operator out in Pittsburgh whose originality in inventing substitutes for good English surprise even his work mates. When the death of young James S. Ayres was first sent over the wires and the name of Mrs. Bonine was first mentioned, one of the local operators received a query from the Pittsburgh man: "Who do you mean?" "Mrs. B-O-9." When the significance of the phrase burst upon him the local operator announced the abbreviation to his associates and the name has been sent all over the country as "B-O-9" ever since.

Dutch Coal Mines.

In the Dutch portion of the recently discovered Limburg coal field, three mines are at present raising coal, and in 1900 produced 320,224 tons, an increase of 107,252 tons over the previous year. There were exported to Belgium 40,908 tons, and to Germany 143,851 tons.

His First Trip Abroad.

A man's first trip abroad takes all the conceit out of him, but his coming back fills him full again to overflowing.—Chicago Daily News.

THE BRITISH SUBJECT.

The English Law Covering Birth and Naturalization.

It is natural that we, in these tight little islands, says the London Telegraph, should jealously guard the social advantages, the protection and field for advancement which are enjoyed by those who can claim to be British subjects. But in the eyes of the law there is considerable confusion as to the necessary qualifications which outsiders must show before they can be admitted to all the privileges of citizenship. On this account the home secretary appointed an inter-departmental committee to report "upon the doubts and difficulties which have arisen in connection with the interpretation and administration of the acts relating to naturalization, and to advise whether legislation for the amending of those acts is desirable, and, if so, what scope and direction such legislation should take." Who is a British subject? The committee point out that: "The common law belongs the fundamental principle that any person who is born within his majesty's dominions is from the moment of his birth a British subject, whatever may be the nationality of either or both of his parents, and however temporary and casual the circumstances determining the locality of his birth may have been."

The child of an alien enemy born in a part of his majesty's dominions which is at the time in hostile occupation is not a British subject. Again, the child born within the British dominions of an ambassador or other diplomatic agent accredited to the crown by a foreign sovereign is not a British subject. The limits of this latter exception have not been exactly ascertained.

The king's son is always a British subject, wherever he may be born. With this exception the acquisition of the status of a British subject by parents rests on statute law. A person whose father or paternal grandfather was born within his majesty's dominions is deemed a natural-born British subject, although he himself was born abroad.

To the category of persons who are British subjects by reason of their birth having taken place within his majesty's dominions must be added those who are born on board a British ship. Some doubt exists as to the extent of this rule. There seems to be no doubt, the committee remark, that a person is a natural-born British subject who is:

(a) Born on board a British ship of war, wherever such ship may be;

(b) Born on board a British merchant vessel on the high seas.

It is suggested that a simple rule should be made that any child on a foreign ship while in British waters should not be deemed to be a subject of this country, owing to this accident of birth; but, on the other hand, an infant who first looks out on life under the white and red ensign, wherever it may fly afloat, is apparently a subject of the king, though he be as black as ebony or his father be this country's most deadly enemy.

WHY SHE WANTED SAMPLES.

Doubtless a Fair Representative of Bargain-Hunting Femininity.

At the end of each season big dry goods houses always have on hand a large supply of small-piece samples, such as are used by salesmen both on the road and in the house.

The pieces of cloth are rarely a quarter of a yard square, and when the house has no further use for them will give them away or sell them at a price offered.

One of the department stores, says the Milwaukee Sentinel, recently bought a quantity of these odds and ends of cloth and offered them at exceedingly cheap prices. Strange to say, there was quite a demand for them, and in the course of a few weeks the entire stock had been sold out.

"I never could understand what the women wanted with these scraps and samples," said a department manager, "until one day a woman approached me and asked if we had any more of them left. I said no, and she seemed very much disappointed, so much so that I asked her what use she made of them."

"Oh," said she, "I still have what I got here before and I don't know what I can do with them, but they're so cheap and I was ever so anxious to get a lot more!"

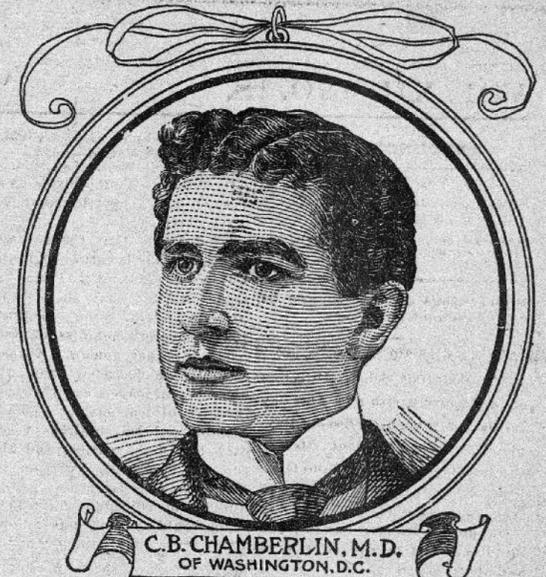
Arizona's Wild Horses.

There are thousands of wild horses roaming the ranges in the Boboquavari country, Arizona. They come down from the mountains in great bands, stampeding the stock and tearing their way to the water holes. They are as wild as deer. They move in great bodies, and after watering return to the mountains as though hunted. Once a day the journey of from 20 to 25 miles is made, and the range is torn to pieces by the sharp, saucer-shaped hoofs.

One Factor in the Case.

If you can't find work don't blame the country; maybe your own lack of ability has something to do with it.—Acheson Globe.

PROMINENT PHYSICIANS USE AND ENDORSE PE-RU-NA.



C. B. Chamberlin, M. D., writes from 14th and P. Sts., Washington, D. C.
"Many cases have come under my observation, where Peruna has benefited and cured. Therefore, I cheerfully recommend it for catarrh and a general tonic."—C. B. CHAMBERLIN, M. D.

Medical Examiner U. S. Treasury.

Dr. Llewellyn Jordan, Medical Examiner of U. S. Treasury Department, graduate of Columbia College, and who served three years at West Point, has the following to say of Peruna: "Allow me to express my gratitude to you for the benefit derived from your wonderful remedy. One short month has brought forth a vast change and I now consider myself a well man after months of suffering. Fellow sufferers, Peruna will cure you."

DR. LLEWELLYN JORDAN.

Geo. C. Havener, M. D., of Anacostia, D. C., writes:

The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.: Gentlemen—"In my practice I have had occasion to frequently prescribe your valuable medicine, and have found it very beneficial, especially in cases of catarrh."

GEORGE C. HAVENER, M. D.

Dr. L. S. Smith, of Williston, Fla., writes:

"I have found Peruna a most valuable remedy for chronic catarrh of the head,

throat, lungs and bronchial tubes, in fact, no matter where located.

"Few people realize that most sicknesses start from colds which develop into different affections and finally become chronic, settling often on the lungs and frequently causing serious trouble in the pelvic organs, while in women it develops into diseases peculiar to the sex."

"From my experience with Peruna I have found it very efficacious to cure these diseases, and I recommend it."

L. S. SMITH, M. D., writes: Dr. Mary Smith, Winfield, Ind., writes:

"A weak and sick woman must not expect to bear well children. For over 31 years my efforts have been spent among sick women especially, and among all the remedies I have used, none excel Peruna, and I believe that it is the best and safest medicine to give a woman suffering from ovarian trouble, inflammation, and profuse menstruation."

"I would not be doing my duty as a physician did I not advise its use. I know by experience that Peruna cures sick women, and I therefore gladly endorse it."

DR. MARY SMITH.
If you do not receive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address: Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Capt. Charles Barr, the yachtman, began life as a grocer's clerk, but he soon discovered that navigation was his calling and began to study to fit himself for a seaman's life.

John S. Barrymore, youngest son of Maurice Barrymore, the actor, has won the first of the 1902 scholarships of the Press Artists' League, which permits him to study at the studio of George Bridgman.

Leopold III, the king of the Belgians, goes late to bed. He spends half the night working and reading. He uses an ordinary bedstead, without any other luxury than a quilt of swansdown. He is a very chilly mortal.

Marcelin Berthelot, the distinguished chemist, is opposed to the methods now employed in executing capital sentences. He would destroy criminals with carbon dioxide, somewhat on the Society of Prevention of Cruelty to Animals plan as applied to dogs and cats.

Warren D. Cornell, of Fond du Lac, Wis., has made a proposition to the governor of Kansas to exterminate the prairie dogs in that state. As a Methodist Episcopal clergyman, now retired, he spent five years on the plains of Texas, where prairie dogs have undisputed possession.

Mr. and Mrs. Zaecheus Gaskill, of Dresbach, Minn., have ten children, and five of them possess 12 fingers and as many toes. It is equally curious that every alternate child in point of age has an extra finger, those who are not blessed in that direction having six toes and only the normal number of fingers.

An elderly couple who have just celebrated their golden wedding in Danville, Ky., found among the gifts from their friends a marble tombstone from a dealer in them. After the first shock had passed they were pleased with the gift, and have made arrangements to have it placed, still unscrubbed, in their family lot in the cemetery.

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